

Absolution of Souls."

by The Bud

Category: X-Men

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-22 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-22 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:22:42

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 978

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What if.. I love what ifs Jean instead of Cyclops batted
Apocalypse?

Absolution of Souls."

Disclaimer:

>
If I were Stan " the man" Lee, I wouldn't need to write a
disclaimer, but because I'm not

>

>and I do not own the X-Men, I do. I'm not very good at descriptive
dialog, meaning I can't tell you the whole picture

>
of how they do things such as "and I spin around" just doesn't
sound right, but true to my everybody should broaden their

>

>horizons attitude, I thought it was time to do so to mine. This is
a "what if" (I love what ifs) about The Apocalypse

>
story line that departed Cyclops. What if Jean had killed
Apocalypse instead, before Scott martyred himself?

>

>I also got snippets of this story from a country song that I had no
permission using. You might recognise it.

>
Enjoy true believers! (credit to "The Man.")

>

>Yer ol' pal,

>The Bud.

>
 " Absolution of Souls."

>

>It's going to be tough walking back into that boat house today. We
all knew

>
That Apocalypse would have to die sometimes, But I never figured
the cost.

>

>Not the dollars and cents wise, but whom. I always thought I'd be
the one to

>
go. I knew Jean would be strong and could live without me. Now I
fear I can't

>

>do the same. My mind flashes back to two days ago, when we were taken as one of

>
"The Twelve" after we had broken our out of our containment cells.
>

>
Apacalypse had hold of a colleague of ours, Nate Grey. Just little more than a boy
>

>and no match for that demon! He was going to "merge" with the boy and there seemed nothing we could do.

>
Xaiver, Jean and I had seemingly depleted our powers, I knew I had.
>

>I told Jean that I "love you" and lunged to push Nate out of the way and stop the transformation.

>
Jean had other plans. With a firey burst of orange, red and yellowe lights blazing in fire, she cought her
>

>second wind. I was thrown out of the way as well as the boy and we were privy to a terrifying yet..
>
yet so beautiful image and a sight burned to my memory. All around was dark and the only thing you could see
>

>was Jean eminating with energy struggling to fight off Apacalypses advances. They were tearing eachother

>
apart and none of us could do anything but watch. She had been weakned so seriously even the Phoenix effect
>

>had started to fade, but she fought on for what seemed like, hours, days even watching her die, but in reality,

>
minutes. I had only minutes left with my wife and instead of enjoying my time with her, I watched in horror
>

>as she picked Apacalypse apart and he drained her of life. There were only flashes you could see.

>
Like pictures in a slide show flashing by of the most gruesome battel imagenable. Then.. it stopped.
>

>Jean lay broken and beaten on the dirt floor with blood and life pouring out of her so that you knew there was no

>
way tomorrow would ever see her. Apacalypse was in shreds but could still live.
>

>She tore him to his core and there was nothing left but a slobbering old man. A gunshot would end him and never

>
have him loose upon this world again. Cable took care of that. He said an Askanski prayer that apparently
>

>offended Apacalypse and... Bang. The nightmare was over for him. But not for me.

>

>As I walk into my house I shared with my lovely , unselfish wife, I see that everything

>
reminds me of her. Would it always be like this? By the door is a hat Wolverine had bought her
>

>in Mexico. She had pale skin that never could handle the sun. She wore that straw hat everywhere.

>
Rain, sun, wind or shine. Its hard to see it there without her.

>

>She's "died" so many times, part of me thinks she can't be really gone, and the other half knows she is.

>
Her black shoes are in the hall. I remember last minute Christmas shopping on Christmas Eve when she got them.
>

>I thought it was silly when she said they called her name. I'll never be able to forget the way

>
she looked, the way she SOUNDED when she laughed. Her cheeks would bulb and she would blush, I fell in
>

>love with her the first time when she did that. The thing is, only Jean did that. Maddie's nose crinkled

>
when she laughed and Dark Phoenix toothed her laugh. That's how we knew who it was in the cocoon when
>

>we found her. She laughed at a joke only the two of us knew and I couldn't stay away.

>
I can feel my tears well up on me as I go into our bedroom. Her book is laying on the bed
>

>I never did understand V.C. Andrews' novels, but Jean loved them. She's got the two of hearts

>
marking her place. I picked up the book once and saw that Ruby, the girl on the cover looked a whole lot like
>

>Jean. Paul looked like Alex and there was even an evil twin like Maddie. I got smacked once for pointing that out.

>
" All That Glitters" I think was the title. I just look around the room
>

>because so much of her remains. I just want to spin around and blast this all so I can forget how much I miss her.

>
Less than a week ago, she told me I was going to be a father. Now I wish I hadn't acted so upset.
>

>I can feel the hot salty tears welling in my eyes and I whip away my glasses to wipe them. Instead, I let them flow.

>
I crumple unto the bed and let them flow.

End
file.